aboord sodainly.

Exit.

¶ *Enter* Leonine.

Leon. These rogueing theeues serue the great Pyrate *Valdes* and they haue seized *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope shee will returne, Ile sweare shees dead, and throwne into the Sea, but Ile see further: perhappes they will but please themselues vpon her, not carrie her aboord, if shee remaine,
Whom they haue rausht, must by me be slaine.

Exit.

¶ *Enter the three Baudes*

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the Market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, wee lost too much money this mart by being too wenchlesse.

Bawd. we were neuer so much out of Creatures, wee haue but poore three, and they can doe, no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue fresh ones what ere we pay for them, if there be not a conscience to bee vide in euerie trade, we shall neuer prosper.

Bawd. Thou saist true tis not our bringing vp of poore bastards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp some eleuen

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe,
But shall I search the market?

Bawde. What else meane the stuffe we haue, a strong winde will blow it to peeces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pan.

Pander. Thou sayest true, ther's two vnholesome a conscience, the poore *Transiluanian* is dead that lyes with the little baggedge.

Boult. I, shee quickly poupt him, shee made him roast-meat for wormes, but Ile goe search the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thousand Chickins were as pretie a proportion to liue quietly, and so giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a shame to get when wee are olde?

Pand. Oh our credite comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youths we could picke vp some pretie estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch't, besides the sore tearmes we stand vpon with the gods, will be strong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our profession any trade, It's no calling, but heere comes *Boult*.

¶ *Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina.*

Boult. Come your wayes my maisters, you say shee's a virgin.

Sayler. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maister, I haue gone through for this peece you see, if you like her so if not, I haue lost my earnest.

Bawd Boult ha's she anie qualities?

Boult. Shee ha's a good face, speakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: theres no farther necessitie of qualities can make her be refuz'd.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*?

Boult.

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